

AUTUMN NUT NUMBER!

ISSUE 62

NOT FOR SALE TO CHILDREN

£1.25

USA \$3.50



ISSN 0952-7966



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**In bed with
ELVIS**

Jimmy Hill reveals all

**CHESS
NUTS**

Board TV stars
go on the game



**COCOA
NUTS**

OAPs can't get enough



**CLIFF'S
NUTS**

Could Pop's Peter Pan's
knackers go POP?



NUTS

Whole hazel nuts

HEURGH!

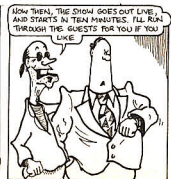
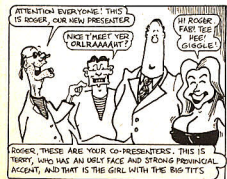
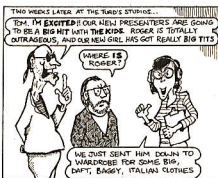
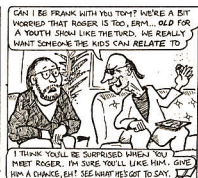
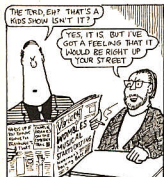
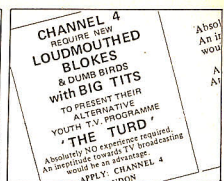
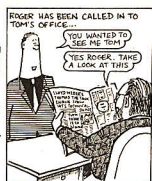
Cadbury's take them and
they cover them in chocolate



**DEAD
SEXY**

'Ghosts put
the willies up me'

says nut



THEN THE GIRL WITH BIG TITS WILL BE DOING A LIVE SATELLITE INTERVIEW WITH M.C. SCREWDRIIVER ABOUT HIS RAP RECORD "COP KILLING QUEER CASTRATER"



HE'S ALSO PROMISED TO SHOW US HIS PEN COLLECTION, AND HOPEFULLY HE'LL SHOOT A POLICEMAN LIVE ON AIR FOR THE TORD!

WE ALSO HAVE BADLY BEHAVED BRITISH ACTOR OLIVER REID-PIPE ON THE SHOW. WE'VE HIDDEN A CAMERA IN HIS DRESSING ROOM.



WE'VE GIVEN HIM FREE BEER ALL AFTERNOON, AND NAILED HIS TOILET DOOR SHUT. HOPEFULLY HE'LL STAGGER ABOUT A BIT, SAY SOMETHING RUDE, THEN KICK HIMSELF.

AND THIS IS TOTALLY DROIT! WE'LL KEEP GOING BACK TO THIS FEATURE THROUGHOUT THE SHOW. OVER HERE WE'VE GOT THREE DRUNKEN BUTCHERS' APPRENTICES



THEY'RE GOING TO CUT THEIR OWN COCKS OFF AND MAKE THEM INTO SAUSAGES, AND THE GUESTS WILL HAVE TO EAT THEM AT THE END OF THE SHOW!



OKAY ROGER, WE'RE ON THE AIR IN TEN SECONDS...



JUST ONE THING. DO I HAVE A SCRIPT AT ALL?

SCRIPT? OF COURSE NOT. JUST REMEMBER - KEEP QUESTIONS TRIVIAL, AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT WHICH CAMERA TO LOOK AT.



AS LONG AS IT ISN'T THE ONE THAT'S ON

OKAY... STAND BY EVERYONE... 3-2-1...



AT LAST, ROGER'S FOUND HIS TRUE VOCATIONS!

AND NOW ON CHANNEL 4: IT'S TIME FOR MUSIC, CONTROVERSY, SEXISM AND SWEARING AS WE BEGIN A NEW SERIES OF... THE TORD.



PRESENTED BY ROGER MELLIE, TERRY ATHEIST AND A DAFT GIRL WITH BIG TITS

HI KIDS! WELCOME TO THE SHOW. WE'VE GOT A WONDERFUL EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT LINED UP FOR YOU TONIGHT. SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE!



I'M YOUR NEW HOST ROGER MELLIE, AND I HOPE YOU ENJOY THE SHOW AS MUCH AS I WILL ENJOY PRESENTING IT.

WHAT'S GOING ON?



ERM... HE JUST NEEDS TO WARM UP, THAT'S ALL.

FIRST, LET'S KICK OFF THE PARTY WITH A SUPER BAND WHO I KNOW WE'RE ALL LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING



COME ON KIDS. LET'S HEAR IT! LET'S HAVE A BIG WARM WELCOME FOR THE ONE AND ONLY THIRD REICH!

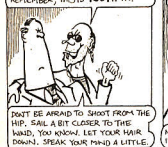
SO FAR SO GOOD, EH?



ROGER... ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

ROGER! CAN I HAVE A QUICK WORD WITH YOU PLEASE

I THINK THAT WAS A TINY BIT TOO... ERM... STIFF, LOOSEN UP A BIT, EH? REMEMBER, THIS IS YOUTH T.V.



JUST BE AFRAID TO SHOOT FROM THE HIP. SAIL A BIT CLOSER TO THE WIND, YOU KNOW. LET YOUR HAIR DOWN. SPEAK YOUR MIND A LITTLE.

AHH! I'M WITH YOU. YOU WANT SOMETHING NEAR THE KAUOKEA, A BIT RIQUKE YOU MEAN.



EXACTLY!

THAT'S THIRD REICH THERE, WITH THEIR NEW SINGLE 'BLUE SUNDAY'. AND, ER...



FLIPPING HECK KIDS! WERE THOSE GUYS GREAT OR WHAT?!

TERRY WILL BE CHATTING TO THEM LATER. BUT NOW IT'S OVER TO OUR COCK CHOPPING CHALLENGE...



FUCKING HELL TOM, THIS GUY IS A TOTAL SQUARE! NO SMUTTY INNUENDO, NO VULGARITY, NO IL CONCERNED REMARKS, NOTHING!



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. ROGER HAS NEVER BEHAVED LIKE THIS BEFORE

AFTER THE SHOW... NOT A BAD SHOW, EH? THAT OLIVER REID-PIPE WAS A BIT PISSED, BUT I MANAGED TO SHUT HIM UP BEFORE HE SAID ANYTHING SILLY.



NOT A BAD SHOW!!!! IT WAS A DISASTER!

WE'LL BE LUCKY IF WE GET A SINGLE COMPLAINT!

HERE'S THE VIEWING FIGURES, FABIAN. THERE WERE EIGHTEEN PEOPLE WATCHING THE SHOW, BUT THREE OF THEM WERE ASLEEP.



EIGHTEEN EH?

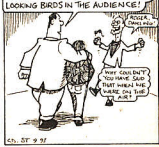
IT WAS THAT BAD WAS IT?

EIGHTEEN! THAT'S NOT BAD AT ALL! IT'S SIX UP ON THE AVERAGE FOR OUR LAST SERIES!



WELL, FUCK ME SIDEWAYS! THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION.

FIRST A BIT OF SERIOUS DRUG ABUSE, FOLLOWED BY A FRENZIED GROUP SEX ORGY WITH A FEW OF THOSE DIRTY LOOKING BIRDS IN THE AUDIENCE!



ROGER! I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU WERE SO GOOD THAT WHEN WE WERE ON THE AIR

Wrong address

I am writing to you to enquire about placing an advertisement in your magazine. I wish to start in the mail order business and would appreciate any advice you could give me. The product I wish to sell are Laser Specs which when worn give a psychedelic coloured starburst effect.

R. Grice
Telford

**Unfortunately the address you have written to is our Letterboxes address Mr Grice. The correct address to write to would be our ad. sales department at John Brown Publishing, The Boathouse, Crabtree Lane, Fulham, London SW6.*

Take British Telecom's latest high tech fibre optic digitalised network, combine this with Nat West's latest worldwide computerised banking and sorting system, add one second class stamp and what have you got? A bank statement nine fucking days out of date.

P. S. Doff
Leeds

Hair's a thing

Whenever I see pubic hairs stuck to my soap bar I smile. We normal folk should be thankful that we have so much hair to spare. Just think of all the poor bald people whose heads will be getting cold this winter.

C. Litter
Ryhope



For the benefit of Mr Lomax of Sudbury, (Letterboxes, Viz 61), the actor Jeff Goldblum drinks piss during TV lager commercials because he gets paid a million pounds by the Germans to do so. If someone paid me half that amount I'd happily lick the clinkers off their underpants.

M. Richards
(No relation)

Hearing voices

Whose idea of a sick joke was it to start giving voices to electrical apparatus? Only the other day my iron informed me that it needed more distilled water, the toaster told me it was full of crumbs, and my bedside table lamp told me to go out and kill women.

R. Hutch
Yorkshire

I'd like to get my hands on the pop star who recorded the song 'White Lines Don't Do It'. My son decided to take his advice, and ended up getting the sack from his job. He worked for the council painting white lines in the middle of the road.

Mr D. Kennel
Hull

In issue 61 of your magazine, page 23, fifth column, you show British Railways locomotive number 86001 and the caption reads '...a train... yesterday' well for your information British Railways policy is to renumber locomotives when alterations or modifications are carried out and I'm afraid that your picture was not taken 'yesterday' because locomotive number 86001 was renumbered number 86401 in 1987, actually.

R. Smith
Byker, Newcastle

**Well spotted Mr Smith. You win first prize in our Pedantic Small Minded Trainspotter Competition. A copy of Razzle is on its way to you.*

Dyslexic? Bone idle more like it.

Victor Ian Values
London N4

One for the road

I don't know what all the fuss is about drink driving. I drink drive every day. I'm a drayman for the local brewery, and drive drink to dozens of pubs every week.

B. McCannel
Portsmouth

P.S. Come to think of it I drink quite a lot of it as well.

With all these foreign football clubs naming themselves after electricity, such as AC Milan and Dynamo Tbleisi, isn't it about time English clubs followed suit? I for one would be proud to support Manchester Capacitors, Aston Fusewire or Wolverhampton Integrated Circuit Breakers.

The Manager, Tandy
Cheshunt, Herts

A friend of mine (God) mentioned that it might not be too late to enter your laughing Policemen competition. Here's a few pictures I had taken at short notice. Any good?

J. Anderton
Manchester



Bank on a Viz sell out

Ten years ago Viz carried a spoof advertisement for the 'GnatWest' bank. In the last issue there was a whole page advertisement for 'Barclays'. But it was serious. Talk about a sell out. What next? Student Grant appearing in a national bank advertising campaign?

Mark Ruston
Manchester

**No mark. Smirnoff vodka. But we'd be very keen to hear from any bank's who were interested in securing Student Grant's services in the future.*

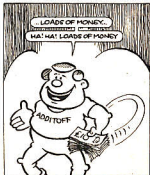
You talk crap, sap

For Spr. Collier's information (Letterboxes, Viz 61) troops in Bosnia don't get free phone calls home, they pay for their stamps, and Sam Fox is just an old slapper who didn't even get her tits out and only turned up to get her picture in the paper. Meanwhile, you and your mates in Belize enjoy a tropical holiday drinking rum, smoking pot, shagging prostitutes and getting a sun tan.

Pte's S. Pinchess
and W. Taylor

**Sapper Collier certainly stirred up a hornet's nest of controversy with his remarks, provoking a sackful of letters from squaddies all over the world. We couldn't possibly print all of them, but some of the best names he was called were 'whingeing fuckwit', 'puff', 'Spr. Cholera', 'sap' and 'sciving twat'.*

THE ADVENTURES OF
"LOADS-OF-MONEY"
WITH T.V. FUNNYMAN
Harry Enfield



of wank on

Further to my previous letter on this page. Right. You're on.

A. Punter
West Bromwich

Will you please help me settle an argument between myself and a friend. My friend says Viz has always been crap, whereas I say it used to be quite funny. Which of us is right?

N. Y. Ross
Ross-on-Wye

A. Punter

West Bromwich

*It's a bet, on the condition that whoever wins gives the money to them.

the money to them.

TOE NAIL clippings, chopped up finely, make an ideal substitute for wood chippings when repairing wood chip wall-paper.

T. Marriage
Fulham

WHY PAY for expensive jigsaws? Just take a bag of frozen chips from the freezer and try piecing together potatoes.

B. Reastford
Ironville, Notts.

TOP TIPS

MAKE neighbours think you have Norwegian visitors staying by leaving old whalebones outside the back door along with your rubbish.

E.M.
North Shields

ALWAYS carry a five pence piece in your pocket so that if you fancy a chinese takeaway you can buy a fork.

H. Attwell
Enfield

WHEN photographing windmills attach a white handkerchief to the end of one of the sails. When the pictures are developed this will be invaluable in indicating both wind direction and sail rotation.

R. Well
Holland

AVOID parking tickets by leaving your windscreen wipers turned on to 'fast wipe' whenever you leave your car parked illegally.

S. Tyler
Norwich

Don't waste electricity flushing your headlights to allow buses to pull out in front of you. They invariably do so anyway.

H. Attwell
Enfield

NON-STUDENTS. Write to Viz complaining about students and how easy they have it before fucking off back to your shitty, badly paid jobs that you wouldn't have to do if you'd had the brains to get into college in the first place, thank you very much.

A. Pelling
Oxford

A. PELLING. Avoid having hoards of angry 'townies' descend on your house by sending us £10 cash. If you don't we'll publish your full address in the next issue.

The Editors
Viz Magazine

REVIVE dying moths by placing them on a small droplet of sugary water.

C. Coup
Basildon

ANOREXICS. When your knees become fatter than your legs start eating cakes again.

P. Loft
Gateshead

Viz IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE ARTS Contemporary DANCE COMPETITION 1993



We've received hundreds of letters from readers asking why Viz doesn't become more involved in the Performing Arts. And so we've decided to give in to public demand by launching our very first Contemporary Dance competition.

The competition is open to all readers, providing they have access to video recording facilities. If you do not, you can get a grant to buy a camcorder from your local Arts Council. (Just pop round and ask them for details).

EXPRESS

To enter the competition we want you, the readers, to express your thoughts, feelings and emotions on any one of the following subjects, through the medium of contemporary dance. Just send us a video tape of up to 15 minutes length (no longer, please) featuring your performance and preferably backed by improvised free form music.

TELEGRAPH

Your performance can be based on any one of the following categories:

1. War
2. Man's conflict with the environment.
3. Nature
4. Sex.

Your contemporary dance video may feature any number of performers, but each tape must feature at least one bird wearing a leotard. We would stress the fact that this is a genuine competition, and the winning performance will be awarded our top

prize - a complete stacking hi-fi CD system with speakers supplied by Richer Sounds.

MAIL

Your performance videos should be sent to Viz High Brow Contemporary Dance Competition, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Please write your name and address on the video tape which will then be returned to you in due course. All entries must be received by no later than 5th December, 1993, the winner being announced in our January issue. All videos must be VHS format and carefully packaged before posting. Please mark them 'FRAGILE', not that it will make a ha'peth of difference as far as the postman is concerned.

FELLAS. Play 'Rodeo Sex' by shagging your missus 'doggy fashion' and then calling her another bird's name. See how long you can stay on for!

Karin Love
Nottingham

MAKE sex with your wife more exciting by telling her to wear lots of lipstick and wash her mouth out with vodka. Then you can pretend you're shagging some old scrubber you've just picked up in a nightclub.

F. Lair
Kelso

FAT PEOPLE. Pay someone to walk along behind you juggling, swallowing words or eating fire etc. to divert attention from your obesity.

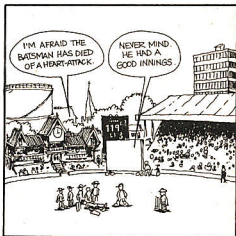
R. Warren
Teddington

MAKE motorists slow down in your street by getting your wife to dress as a police woman and point a hair drier at them as they pass by.

R. Nest
Chippinham

STUDENTS. On trains why not dump your rucksack on the seat next to you instead of the luggage rack provided. This will ensure that tax payers have to stand while you sit back in your subsidised seat (which we help pay for) and talk loudly.

Eric Hoggers
Hayes, Middlesex



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There are certain advantages in buying Viz from a newsagent. They sell sweets and fags, for example. And fresh sandwiches sometimes. And greeting cards. Let's face it, they work bloody long hours, and deserve the business. So why not ask your newsagent to hang onto each copy of Viz for you to make sure you don't miss it. Just give him this form, and don't forget to go in and collect your copy.

Dear Newsagent, Please can I order a regular copy of Viz from you (every 2 months). Thanks.

NAME _____

SUBS

Pop idol Bono, lead singer with Irish rockers U2, has swapped his guitar for a chess set. And instead of playing hits like 'Sunday Bloody Sunday', the millionaire musician is playing chess - 24 hours a day.

By our Chess, Party Games
& Table Tennis Correspondent
YVONNE GOOLAGONG

PLAY CHESS WITH BONEO



£ £ £ £ £ £ £ £ £ £ £ £ £ £

Game stars who dress like a million pounds



TOTAL = £2,450,000



the end

SAVE THIS POOR COW

Barbaric French villagers plan to MURDER this tragic defenceless cow, HACK its lifeless carcass into bloody pieces, COOK it in an oven, then EAT it.

And then the blood thirsty mob will wash down its remains with bottles of wine.

BY OUR EUROPHOBE
CORRESPONDENT
BILLY BOLLOCKS

BARBARIC

This barbaric ritual, reminiscent of a scene from the middle ages, has been re-enacted in the streets of Purtauin sur le Lit every year for centuries. This year it will be no different, and the French authorities have no intention of lifting a finger to stop it.

PEASANTS

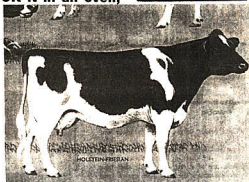
Paraded out of its field by stick wielding peasants, the terrified beast will then be herded into a waiting lorry like cattle before being driven a short distance along bumpy roads to the local abattoir.

PETRIFIED

As a throng of jeering abattoir employees look on, the petrified animal will be **STUNNED** with electricity, and then **KILLED** with a savage blow to the head from a bolt.

CUE

That will be the cue for cheering crowds of sadistic



French shoppers to go on the rampage through the narrow streets of the town, queuing in the butchers shop and supermarkets to buy blood stained chunks of the pathetic animal's body, which only hours before had been standing harmlessly in a field.

REST

Local civic dignitaries, among them the town's Mayor, will all join in the shameful procession as the animals corpse is carried bit by bit back to kitchens to be cooked and later eaten, together with potatoes and vegetables.

"If this is what passes for civilisation on the continent

then we have to ask ourselves whether we, the British, really want to be a part of it", said Tory MP Sir Anthony Regent-Park yesterday. "I don't deny that animals must sometimes be killed out of necessity. But the least they could do would be to give the poor beasts a chance by perhaps chasing them around on horseback with a pack of baying hounds, or charging a wealthy Arab £5,000 a day to drive around in a Range Rover taking pot shots at them with a shotgun. To subject an animal to such an undignified ritual seems quite wrong in this modern age".

Help bring a French cow back to Britain

We want to send a message loud and clear to the townsfolk of Purtauin sur le Lit: **"FROG OFF!"**. And we need your help.

We're launching a campaign to save a cow from the hands of the French butchers, and gathering signatures for a vital petition aimed at stopping the slaughter. We want you to get five people to sign the form below, and send it back to us together with a donation of £5 (cash only).

SPIDER

The forms will be collected, and then sent to the Mayor of Purtauin sur le Lit, telling him in no uncertain terms where he can shove his onions, cheap plonk and silly loafs of bread.



The cash raised will be used to buy a French cow, transport it to England, and put it in a field with lots of grass. And some trees. It may be too late for the sad cow in our picture, but together we can save another cow. So send in the form, and money, today. The address is **SAVE A FRENCH COW**, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT.

For extra petition forms send £2.50 to the same address.

To: The Mayor, Purtauin-sur-le-Lit, France

Dear Mayor,
FROG OFF! You MURDERER!

Signed 1 _____

2 _____ 3 _____

4 _____ 5 _____

ADVERTISEMENT

IT'S GAZ TOP MANIA!

Britain's pop fans have gone Gaz Top potty!

He's the TV presenter who's *Gaz* top of everyone's *Gaz* pops! With his cute little lisp and blacker than black lavatory brush hairdo, he's the *Gaz* top of the pop top pop presenter who the girls are *Gazpin* to meet.

TOAST

Yes, he's *Gaz* Top. The pop host with the *Gaz* Top most! He's the *Gaz* top of Britain's TV pops. The Pop Tart who's top of every chart! "Top - top - top, popability! That's the beauty of *Gaz*!"

CELEBRATE

To celebrate Britain's top pop presenter, and because we've got nothing better to write about, we're giving away a host of *Gaz* top prizes! And as *Gaz* would doubtless agree, it's a

**WIN £100
IN RECORD
VOUCHERS**

Gaztoplastic array of goodies that are up for grabs!

ENTER

All you have to do to enter our *Gaztopcompetition* is *Gaz* answer two easy peasy questions and send us a drawing of the man himself. We'll be asking *Gaz* Top himself to *Gaz* choose the *Gaz* top entry, and our first prize of £100's worth of *Gaz* top *Gaz* pop record vouchers will be sent to the

Gaz lucky winner.

Answer these simple *Gaz* Top questions:

1. Which TV programme, if any, is *Gaz* Top currently presenting?

2. Arrange these 3 star qualities which *Gaz* possesses into order of importance, No. 1 for the most important, and 3 for the least: Village idiot charm, imbecilic good looks, all round *Gaz* Top popability.

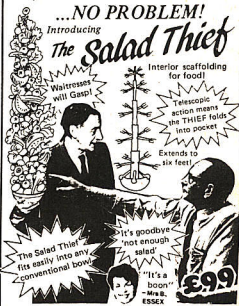
Send your entries to *Viz* Top of the *Gaz* Pops Competition, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. If *Gaz* Top is reading this and would like to judge our competition, could he please get in touch. If he wants to give us a ring we will accept a reverse charge call.

Only ONE visit to the salad bar?...

...NO PROBLEM!

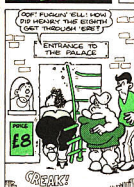
Introducing

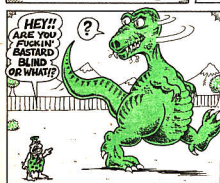
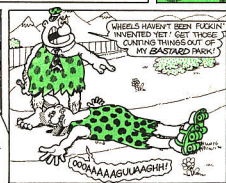
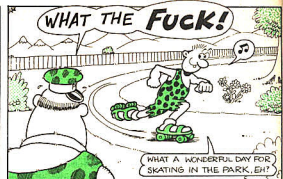
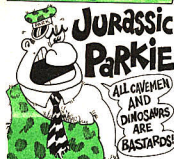
The Salad Thief



Salad Suspension Systems U.K. Ltd. Box 9, Widnes

FAT SLAGS





IT'S A WEAVE!

TV star Terry Wogan wears a weave. And that's official.

This stunning revelation ends years of speculation about the jovial Irishman's thick black mop. Ever since he made the switch from radio to TV broadcasting the popular chat show host's hair has been grabbing all the headlines.

REVEAL

But now we can reveal that Terry does **NOT** wear a wig. He wears a **WEAVE**. That's the opinion of a friend of our cousin. And they should know, because they once worked as Terry's hairdresser!

RIDICULOUS

To the onlooker it is hard to tell the difference between a wig and a weave. Both look equally ridiculous. But while wigs, or 'rugs', are liable to blow off in the wind, weaves will not. That's because a weave is actually *stitched on* to the slap head's shiny top, tied



Wogan - his 'weave' visible on the top of his head.

on to tufts of his remaining hair at the sides, just above the ears.

REGULAR

Weave wearers try to fool wig spotters by shuffling their rugs at regular intervals, changing it every two weeks or so for the next size up to give the impression of hair growth.

We blow
the wig
off Tel's
toupee
mystery

They then look in the mirror, tut, and tell friends they need a haircut, before disappearing back to their box of mops and returning with the smallest size in place.

WRIGHT

Wogan is in good company. Other celebrity weave wearers include the Queen, American president Bill Clinton, footballer Ian Wright, 32, and weather girl Suzanne Charlton.

WEMBLEY DATE FOR THE STARS

A galaxy of big name stars from the world of pop have lined up for a spectacular gala charity concert at Wembley Stadium in October.

Top acts including Phil Collins, U2, Sting, INXS, Elton John, George Michael and Guns 'N' Roses are being lined up to perform, and messages of support have already been received from Paul McCartney and Michael Jackson. A charity single featuring all the participating artists will be released for Christmas.

RAISE

The stars taking part in the spectacular event hope to raise millions of pounds, although they haven't decided what for yet. "So far the support we've received has been magnificent", one told us yesterday. "Everybody we've spoken to has immediately dropped what they were doing and offered to help. People have been pulling

Big names
line up for
charity show

out all the stops, and we're sure that this thing is going to be a massive success".

(a)lREADY

However, plans for the concert have already been criticised by one controversial pop figure - outspoken pop bender Jonathon King. "I don't know what this event is in aid of, but whatever it is I'll be fundamentally opposed to it", he said, speaking out of his bendy gob yesterday.

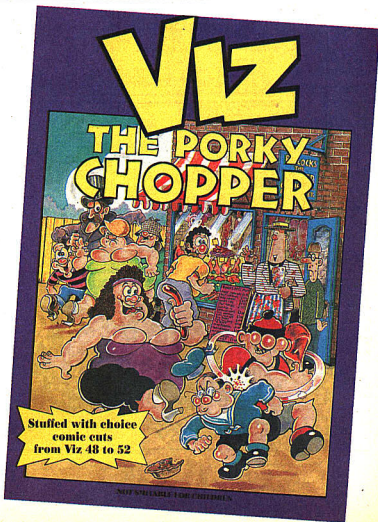
Hoy!

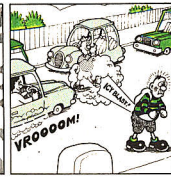
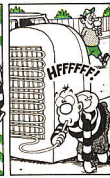
Ask your butcher if he's got a Porky Chopper, stuffed with choice comic cuts off the bone of issues 48 to 52, at a bargain £6.99!

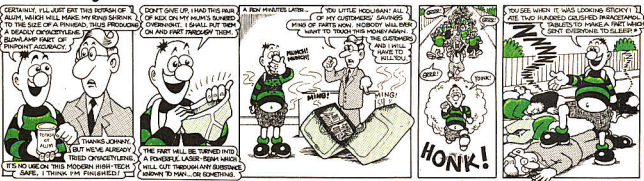
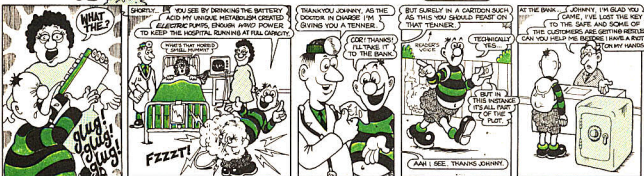
If he hasn't try a bookshop. Or a record shop. Or our mail order ad. on page 41.

ON SALE FROM END OF OCTOBER

Also available soon the 1994 VIZ CALENDAR in full colour. Only £4.99

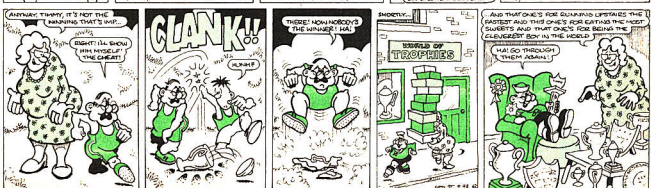
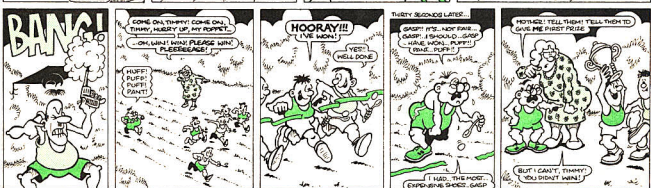
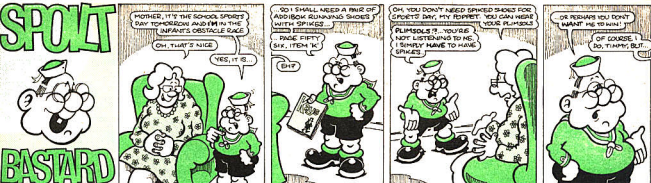






SPORT

BASTARD



A BIT ON THE O

Doris Stoke-Manderville is a medium with a difference. For when spirits contact her from the other side, it's not to pass messages on to their loved ones. It's for sex!

And Doris boasts a host of ghost celebrities among her lovers from beyond the grave. Over a period of several years she claims that the late stars of showbusiness have, quite literally, been putting their willies up her. And now she exclusively reveals the sexy secrets of the celebrity spooks who regularly go hump in the night.

“My intimate sexual experiences all began quite by accident. I had been admitted to the chiropodists for a routine operation on my toe nail. The next thing I knew I was suddenly aware of being outside of my body, looking down on the chiropodist who was operating on my foot. There seemed to be some sort of panic, and the nurse was rushing around the room looking for some scissors.

BALD

I remember clearly looking down on the chiroprapist, and noticing a small bald patch on the top of his head. Later he confirmed that he had a small bald patch, something which I could not possibly of known had I not been floating above him in that surgery as my life lay in the balance down below. I now realise that I underwent a near death experience on that day, and my memories of it are still vivid.

'Dead stars have been putting the willies up me for years', says Doris

I was floating through a tunnel. Ahead of me I could see a light. I headed towards it and found myself emerging from beneath a quilt. I was in bed. And stranger still, there was a tall, dark man next to me who I immediately recognised as being Bernie Winters, the late TV comic.



I had always been a fan of Bernie's, and I offered no resistance as he took me in his arms and grinned. His big, goofy smile was unmistakable. I was in Heaven – quite literally – as we made love for what seemed an eternity.

Afterwards Bernie lit a cigarette and turned to me. "You have to go back," he said. "You still have a life to live." I knew that he was right. As I crawled back beneath the sheets I glanced back and saw Bernie grinning bravely. His eyebrows were raised in that silly smile, but he could not hide the tear which was running down his cheek.

LITTLE

Crawling back down the dark tunnel I suddenly found myself back in the chiropodist's surgery. The nurse was offering me a cup of tea. She explained that there had been complications, and that my toe may feel a bit sore for a few days. In a way I felt glad to be alive, but at the same time sad that I had to leave Bernie.

GOLDEN

The next time I had sex with a ghost was in my bedroom a few weeks later. I'd gone to bed early while my husband watched the football. Suddenly I heard the sound of chains dragging on the stairs. Then a dark figure appeared in the doorway. I nearly had a *Shear Heart Attack* when I saw who it was! Because there in my bedroom stood Freddie Mercury, dressed in full bondage gear, complete with leather cap, rubber pants, a dog collar and lots of chains...

GEORGE

I'd always fancied Freddie but didn't think his ghost would be interested in girls. I couldn't have been more wrong! He was all over me, kissing every inch of my naked body.

BILLY

Before things went too far I asked him if he'd mind wearing a Durex. I believe in safe sex, even with ghosts. He was the perfect gentleman, and got one out



MERCURY - used rubber

of my husbands top draw. Being a ghost his cock was a bit see through, but between the two of us we just about managed to get it on.

When it comes to

PROOF

Now you try explaining that to me! If that's not proof of ghosts shagging me then I don't know what is.

COOPER

They say that there are sixty-nine love making positions in the Kurma Sutra. Well I discovered number seventy the night magician Tommy Cooper visited me in my bedroom! You see, ghosts can take their heads off if they want to. And magician ghosts can do practically anything they like with their bodies.

BREMNER

Well, me and Tommy had only been at it for a few moments when suddenly he dropped his head off and tucked it under his arm. My hair turned white with shock. Minge hair that is! Anyway, Tommy was exactly that! (Magic that is.) He would be making love to me from behind while his hands fondled me passion-



COOPER: 'Magic tricks'

ately. First one, then two, then three! Eventually there were half a dozen hands groping every inch of me at once.

HUNTER

At first my husband used to object to me having sex with the dead stars, then he seemed to get quite turned on by the idea and suggested that the next time I did it he should come along and watch. So the following night I arranged to have a sexy threesome with Laurel and Hardy and my husband came along and brought a camera.

LORIMER

My husband snapped away like mad while Laurel and Hardy took turns fulfilling me. Afterwards the fat one looked at the sheets and said "That's another fine mess you've made on the bedclothes", while the thin one scratched his head and started crying.

CLARKE

The following day my husband got the film developed, but when he went back to collect it he thought for a minute he'd got the wrong pictures. All you could see was me on the bed, apparently having passionate sex with myself.

COCOA CRAZY!

Britain's OAPs can't get enough. Cocoa that is!

For Cocoa loco pensioners want it morning, noon and night, according to a recent survey.

STARS

And while coffee remains Britain's favourite bedtime beverage among the younger generations, Cocoa is tops with nanas and pops, with the average pensioner drinking over 400 gallons a year.

Crinklies go
Cocoa loco

The independent survey carried out by cricketer David Gower on behalf of the Transport & General Workers Union also found that among 14 to 16 year olds, Hula Hoops were Britain's number one novelty shaped crisp type snack.

that go hump in the night HER SIDE

Hubby and I liked it hot with Monroe!



Stan and Ollie (above)
joined Doris for a
sexy threesome.

from behind, and kissing every inch of my own naked body. The mystery was solved when we noticed an advice sticker on one picture, pointing out that ghosts don't show up in photographs.

JONES

After that my husband suggested we try a bit of girl on girl action with some lady ghosts, and asked me to put on a lesbian show with Marilyn Monroe. I summoned her to the bedroom using a glass and some playing cards. At first we were both nervous, and I admitted to her that I had never done lesbian. She said it was her first time too.

MADELEY

Anyway, we did a topless show for my husband, and I licked a sausage while Marilyn kissed my bottom. Suddenly a cold ghostly draught blew her skirt up, just like in that film. My husband got so excited he tried to join in. But he was forgetting that I have special powers to have sex with ghosts. If a mere mortal like him tries to touch a ghost, his hand just goes through them as if they aren't there.

GILES

So my poor husband ended up falling flat on his face and banging his head on the wardrobe! I couldn't stop laughing, and even Marilyn saw the funny side. Unfortunately however, that was not the only time when things got a little out of hand.

BATES

As a child I'd always been too scared to ride on a ghost train. But not nearly as

scared as I was the night half a dozen ghosts decided to pull their very own ghost train - on me!

LECTER

Apparently several ghosts had been at a party in Heaven and had taken a lot of drink on board. You could say that they were in high spirits! In fact I've never seen six ghosts as pissed as they were. Anyway, they rolled up through my bedroom wall at two o'clock in the morning and I immediately knew what they were after.

KRUGER

Well I was having none of it. I'm as saucy as the next person, don't get me wrong. But I draw the line at having sex with six drunken ghosts all at once.

JASON

Luckily I had my wits about me and I told them I had the painters in. They took it in good spirits and I made them all a cup of coffee and we sat and watched TV until their ghost taxi arrived. It didn't honk the horn or ring the bell. It just drove in through the wall with a ghostly 'woosh!' sound and hovered above the coffee table.

KYLIE

All six ghosts piled into the taxi, but the driver wasn't having it. He said he was only licensed to carry five ghosts, and someone had to get out. Luckily one of them - I think it was 'carry on' actor Sid James - said he needed some fresh air, and offered to walk back to Heaven. Eventually I got rid

ALL THE FUN OF THE SCARE!

Sextet of
ging gang
gooly gooly
gooly gooly
gang bang
ghouls tried
to pull a
ghost train
up my tunnel
of love!

of them, but only after lending them the taxi fare home!

CRAIG

Another scare I had was when I got pregnant by a ghost. It was Dirty Den who did it. He'd just been murdered in EastEnders, having got Michelle pregnant. Then he turned up in my bedroom while my husband was out and smooth talked his way into bed with me. I should have known better. Anyway, I found out I was expecting and told him so. But he didn't want anything to do with it.



Den - ghost baby father

In the end I decided to have an abortion. Ghost abortions are a bit like killing a Dracula. You can't get them on the National Health that's for sure! My husband went down the butchers and got a steak and some garlic, and we used them to kill it during daylight hours.

Thinking about it now perhaps I should have had the ghost baby, because a friend of mine who is a nurse says that ghost babies simply walk through your tummy instead of coming out down below, so it doesn't actually hurt at all.

MRS MANGLE

Sometimes my husband and me lie awake at nights and cry thinking about my ghost baby that we killed with steak. But perhaps with all the murders and everything the world today would not have been a good place to bring up a ghost baby.

I guess that ghost baby is in Heaven now. Wherever it is I know it understands that what we did was for the best.



Monroe - did 'lesbian'

GHOSTBONKERS!

By our SCARY
GHOSTS
CORRESPONDENT
BLAKEY
Off On The Buses

A great many people have claimed to have been the victims of sex attacks by ghosts. In fact, in certain parts of South America women are twice as likely to be raped by a ghost (or a space alien) than by an ordinary man. But ghost sex fiends look nothing like Frankenstein's monster, Dracula or any of the other fictional ghosts we see on the cinema screen.

SPECTRES

The scientific term for sexy spectres is an *incubus*, and one theory is that their 'bodies' or shapes are made up of a kind of chemical energy known as ectoplasm. Some of these ghosts take human form, others look like small green electric clouds that whizz about the place breaking things.

MARTENS

In the past the police have often been accused of scepticism and a lack of sympathy when dealing with cases of ghost rape, and there has never been a successful conviction of a dead rapist in British legal history. However a new postal helpline has recently been set up to provide help and support for

the victims of ghost sex. If you have been attacked by a ghost, write to the following address explaining in as much detail as possible exactly what happened. *Ghost Sex Helpline*, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT.

Due to the volume of mail received it may not be possible in all cases to send a reply. We reserve the right to publish (in edited, abridged, or in totally unrecognisable form) all submissions received.

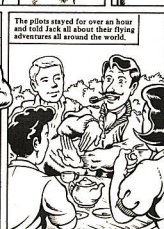
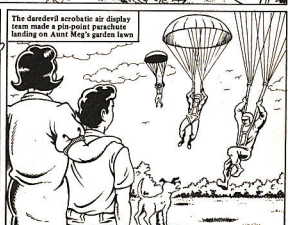
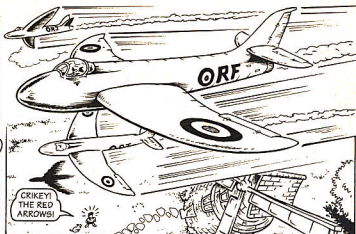
TOP JOKE



Jack Black

& the case

The summer holidays were here again and young Jack Black and his dog Silver had gone stay with Aunt Meg in her converted windmill in Norfolk.



HE WAS DURING THE WAR. HE WAS SHOT DOWN BY A GERMAN PLANE. POOR MAN LOST BOTH HIS LEGS

CORRI HE MUST HAVE BLED LIKE A STUCK PIG!

HE WON A LOT OF MEDALS, BUT HAS LATELY FALLEN INCONTINENT. I VISIT HIM ONCE A WEEK TO CHANGE HIS UNDERPANTS AND CHECK THAT HE'S NOT DEAD

GOSHI A REAL WAR HERO! I CAN'T WAIT!

Early in the morning Jack, Silver and Aunt Meg took a bowl of fruit and some sir freshers to the Wing Commander's tumbledown bungalow.

HI THERE MR. BEAUMONT. I'VE BROUGHT A FRIEND OF MINE TO SEE YOU

HELLO THERE YOUNG JACK

Over tea and a selection of cakes young Jack got chatting to the retired war hero.

SO, MEG TELLS ME YOU'RE GOING TO BE A PILOT JACK

YES! AND I WANT TO WIN LOTS OF MEDALS LIKE YOU

CAN I SEE YOUR MEDALS WING COMMANDER BEAUMONT?

I'M AFRAID I HAD TO SELL THEM ALL TO PAY THE VAT ON MY FUEL BILLS

OH DEAR. THAT'S A SHAME

BUT I STILL HAVE MY SCRAP BOOK. WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE THAT?

Jack's eyes bulged with boyish excitement as he flicked through the old man's scrap book.

JUST TAKING MR. BEAUMONT TO THE BATHROOM JACK. THERE'S AN AWFUL SMELL IN HERE

RIGHT OH. GOSHI! LOOK AT THIS SILVER!



LOOK AT THIS SILVER. HOW PECULIAR

LOCAL HERO LUSES LEGS

Beth Beaumont's pint pig is in prang

10 THINGS YOU NEVER KNEW ABOUT MULTIPLE AMPUTEES

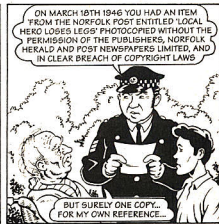
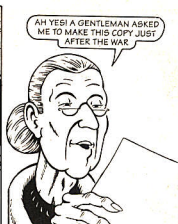
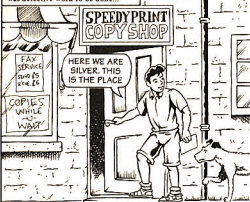
A RECEIPT, STAPLED TO THIS PAGE

THERE'S AN ADDRESS ON IT. 'SPEEDYPRINT COPYSHOP, NORFOLK' THIS CALLS FOR AN INVESTIGATION!

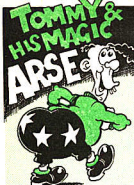
When Meg returned with a more pleasant smelling Wing Commander Jack was nowhere to be seen.

THAT'S ODD! WHERE'S JACK GOT TO?

Jack couldn't hang about, for there was detective work to be done...



The End



REMEMBER ME, READERS!
I'M TOMMY THOMPSON... AND
MY ARSE IS MAGIC!



BUT IT'S NOT MAGICAL
ALL THE TIME -
ONLY WHEN I TALK IN RHYME!



HOWEVER - I WON'T HAVE THE TIME
TO DO ANY BOT WIZARDRY TODAY -
MY SISTER'S GETTING MARRIED.



OH NO!

ON THE
OTHER HAND...



BOO-HOO! THERE'S A TINY (AND FRANKLY
INSIGNIFICANT) MARK ON MY DRESS!
I CAN'T GO TO THE CHURCH
LOOKING LIKE THIS! THE
WEDDING'S OFF!
BOO-HOO!



HMM...

YOU'LL SEE NO MORE
OF THAT SMALL MESS
WHEN MY ARSE IS UPON YOUR DRESS!



HURRY UP NOW SIS -
YOUR LIMOUSINE
LEAVES FOR THE CHURCH
IN A MINUTE



SHORTLY... (I'M TERRIBLY SORRY MR.
THOMPSON. OUR ORGANIST HAS
LEFT HIS GLASSES AT HOME AND IS UNABLE TO
READ HIS MUSIC. I'M AFRAID YOUR DAUGHTER'S
WEDDING WILL HAVE TO BE CANCELLED.)



THIS PROBLEM NEEDN'T BE SEVERE
MY SUPER MAGIC RECTUM'S HERE!
I'LL LOWER DOWN MY SPRINGLED KEK
AND POO YOU OUT A PAIR OF SPECS!



OH I SAY...



LATER... RIGHT, CAN THE BEST MAN GIVE
THE RING TO THE GROOM?



WORRY NOT, FOR
THIRTY SIX CHEEKS
IS THE BAND OF GOLD
THE BEST MAN SEEKS!



THE BRIDE'S THIRD FINGER
FITS UP THERE
TO COINVENT THIS MARRIAGE
FAIR AND SQUARE!



WILL THE GROOM PLEASE PUT
THE BRIDE'S FINGER UP THIS YOUNG
MAN'S ARSE. I NOW DECLARE
YOU MAN AND WIFE, IN THE
SIGHT OF GOD



LATER... ERM... TOMMY - WE'VE GOT A BIT
OF A PROBLEM. WE FORGOT TO
BRING A BELLOON OF OUR TIME
TO TIE TO THE BACK OF BAZ'S CAR.



...AND WE WERE
WONDERING IF YOUR...
AHEM... MAGIC BOTTOM
MIGHT COME TO OUR AID.



BYE!!



Remember remember the 5th of November! FREE FIREWORKS!

Why Fawkes out a fortune on fireworks this year only to see them go up in smoke?

We all love fireworks, but nobody likes a rocket in the eye or a banger up the backside. But tragically every year thousands of children run the risk of ending up looking like Andrew Lloyd-Webber through the misuse of fireworks.

And as well as being dangerous, they are expensive. As Winston Churchill once said, 'Fireworks are like a high class whore. You pay a fortune for one quick bang, and sometimes it doesn't even go off'.

That's why we have developed the world's first **TOTALLY SAFE** fireworks. Unlike normal

fireworks, with Viz 'underwater' fireworks you can:

- **KEEP** them in your back pocket.
- **RETURN** to them if they fail to go off.

• **HOLD** a burning match to them whilst reading the instructions.

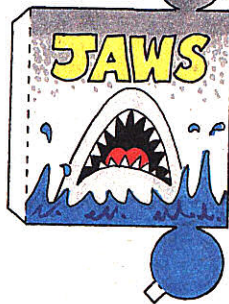
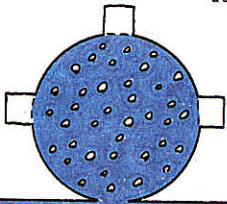
- **LET THEM OFF** in the presence of pets.

Make this Bonfire Night 'Bathfire Night'!

All you need for a spectacular **FREE** firework display is a bath full of water, and a few other household bits and pieces. Follow the instructions carefully for a waterworks display to remember!

SNOW STORM

Cut out and form tube, then place three Alka-Seltzer tablets in bottom. Fill remaining space with desiccated coconut, and stuff a sheet of blue toilet tissue in the top. Then place in bath and stand well back before removing blue touch paper to unleash an arctic blizzard of bubbles and coconut.



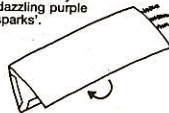
'JAWS' AQUA BANGERS

Cut out and assemble banger. Then drop into bath water and stand back while an adult hits the side of the bath with a shoe, making an ear piercing 'BANG!' sound.

HYDRO SPARKLERS

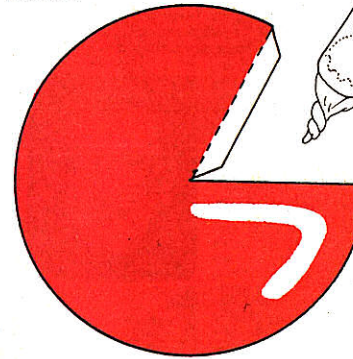
SPARKLERS NOT INCLUDED

Take six ordinary pipe cleaners and steep over night in undiluted Ribena. Then cut out packet provided and place them inside. Glue closed. Tear open and wave the sparklers around beneath the water. After a bit of practice you'll be able to write your name in the dazzling purple underwater 'sparks'.



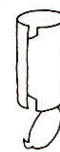
POLARIS ROCKET

Take a cardboard toilet roll tube and write 'Polaris Rocket' on the side in bright, colourful lettering, surrounded by a few stars. Then insert 3 table tennis balls in tube. Jam one end with blue toilet tissue and glue nose cone provided to the top end. Then stick a chop stick to the back as shown. Fill bath to just below overflow level, then submerge a milk bottle and stand it upright in bottom of bath. Hold rocket in place in milk bottle beneath the water and wait until onlookers are at a safe distance from bath. Then release rocket which will fly upwards and dramatically burst out from beneath the surface of the water before zooming up into the air.

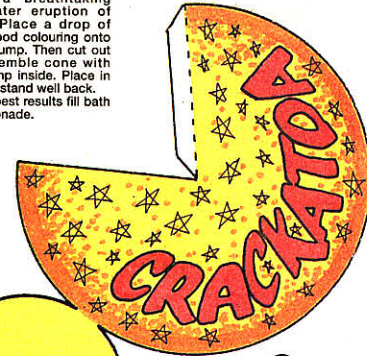


NEPTUNE'S CANDLE

Cut out and form tube shape. Fill tube with several sachets of Beechams Lemon Resolve powder. Twist a sheet of blue toilet tissue and plug it into end to form touch paper. Place in bath and remove touch paper.

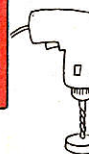
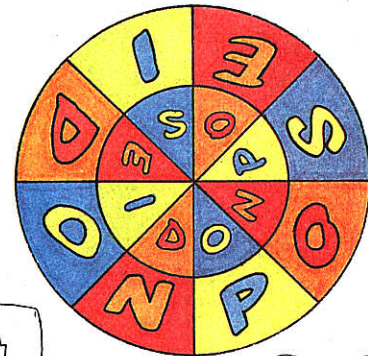


CRACKATOA
Create a breathtaking underwater eruption of colour! Place a drop of orange food colouring onto a sugar lump. Then cut out and assemble cone with sugar lump inside. Place in bath and stand well back. NB: For best results fill bath with lemonade.



POSEIDON'S WHEEL

Cut out the coloured disc and make pin hole through centre point. Carefully drill hole in centre of an Alka-Seltzer tablet. Thread nail through disc and tablet as shown. Remove bath plug and immediately insert nail into plug hole. As the water drains the spinning wheel will gather speed and produce a psychedelic cascade of whirling underwater colours.



SAFETY HINTS

Do not allow pet goldfish in the bath during your firework display. Do not use hot water in the bath. Do not leave children unattended near water. For best results drain the bath and refill between fireworks.

Cliff's nuts set to blow

A peaceful Surrey town is today facing a jolism cataclysm. For sex experts are warning that Weighbridge could soon be engulfed in Britain's first ever tidal gunk wave.

Scientists fear that the bollocks of one of the town's most celebrated residents - Cliff Richard - could explode if the popular singer does not have sex soon. And the resulting 'Pompeii' style disaster could reduce parts of Surrey to a damp slurry.

BIOLOGY

Cliff, the seemingly ageless Peter Pan of Pop, claims to have been celibate for many years, and biology experts fear a potentially deadly build up of body fluids in his undercarriage could soon reach bursting point.

As nearby residents prepare to protect their homes

against flood damage with sandbags and tons of tissue paper, the question on everyone's lips is 'Will Peter Pan's Plumbs go Pop?'

PHYSICS

Weighbridge council officials were last night setting up an emergency control centre, and the army are understood to be on full alert. Last night an eerie silence hung over the town as anxious residents hoped and prayed that the singer would either get his leg over, or experience a nocturnal emission before it is too late.

By our Chief
Knackers Correspondent
BUCK
off the High Chaperal

What makes

a star's knackers blow up?

Exploding celebrity knackers is not a new phenomenon in Britain. As recently as 1989 fans of celibate comedian and author Stephen Fry were stunned when his left nut appeared to explode during a book signing session at a shop in Cambridge. No-one was hurt, although there was substantial damage to several books and a carpet.

CHEMISTRY

The medical profession has been aware of the condition, often referred to as Volatile Knackers, since before the turn of the century. But little contemporary research has been carried out in the field, and there is no course of treatment readily available to sufferers, other than having a wank.

FREE PERIOD

The problem arises when semen, which is constantly produced in the male adolescent body, is not ejaculated by the penis due to a lack of any sexual activity. Failure to 'chuck your muck' in this way can lead to the development of the early symptoms of the condition, including a 'stiffy', and 'nuts like two tins of Fussell's milk'.

Bob names the day for charity spectacular

Stars whose surnames are types of weather are to be invited to turn out in a charity football match to pit their soccer talents against stars whose surnames are types of cars.

The Weather versus Car soccer star challenge was the brainwave of charity organiser Bob Johnson who hopes that the all star event will help raise millions of pounds for research into baldness.

GENERAL PUBLIC

"Stars as well as the general public are often struck down with this terrible hair losing condition, and it is therefore appropriate that big name stars like John Thaw, David Frost and Gareth Hale should take part in this spectacular fund raising event."

THE BEAT

Bob's brainwave to pit celebrity weather against car surnames on the football field came to him after he had seen an item on the TV news read by Jon Snow in which MP Austin Mitchell had been interviewed.

"Unfortunately Austin Mitchell's christian name is car, not his surname, so he doesn't qualify for the team, but I am hopeful that Harrison Ford will be playing, as well as Tommy Cooper".

SPECIALS AKA

Invitations have already been sent out to four celebrities in all whose surnames are also types of weather, and two of whose surnames are a kind of car.

"It's early days yet, and whilst no-one has actually



Frost yesterday followed by Thaw early this morning.

accepted the invitation at this stage, I'm confident that we'll have a bumper turn out on the day, and a really exciting game", Bob told us.

SELECTOR

As well as the match, Bob will be selling balloons. The fun kicks off at 3pm on Saturday 26th June 1993 at Fulchester Recreation Ground. Bob says that any stars willing to take part, especially those whose surname is a type of car, should contact him at his work number which is Fulchester 577985, extension 427.

Fed up with seeing ugly dog faces on the street? Then get a

NEW GLITTER SHITTER

The fun stool spangler

Brightens up dull turds

GLITTER SHITTER comes with four coloured glitter:

- Gold
- Silver
- Blue
- Red

Before After

Create dazzling effects

£99.99

Shows glitter onto:

- Dogshit
- Catshit
- Rabbit lods

Simply fill the GLITTER SHITTER with glitter, pull the trigger and Hey Presto

SpangleStool Products, Ltd. Box 60, Wales

THE ADVENTURES OF

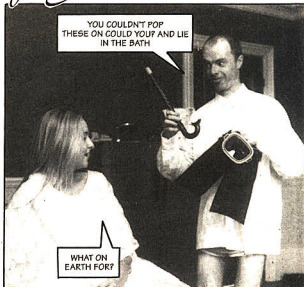
STAVROS

WITH T.V.'s FUNNYMAN

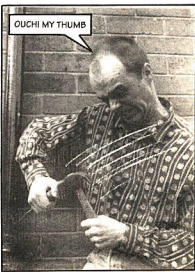
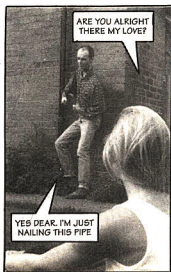
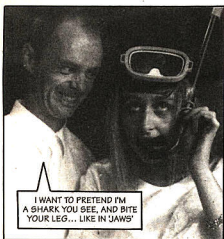
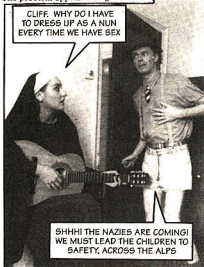
Harry Enfield

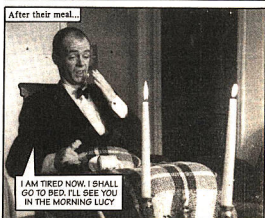
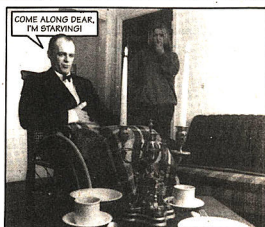
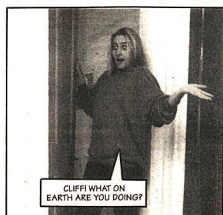
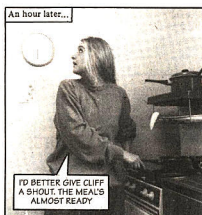


Lucy Hattersley's Husband



The problem appeared to get worse...





IN THE MORNING? AREN'T I COMING TO BED TOO?

NO MY DEAR. IT WOULD BE BEST IF YOU SLEEP IN THE GUESTS ROOM FROM NOW ON

WITH MY CRIPPLED BODY I AM OF NO USE TO YOU

LUCY, I REALISE I CAN NO LONGER FULFIL THE NEEDS OF A WOMAN YOUR AGE

ACCORDINGLY I HAVE POSITIONED A MIRROR IN THE GUESTS ROOM

I SUGGEST YOU FRIG YOURSELF IN IT A BIT BEFORE YOU GO TO BED

The following day...

TEN O'CLOCK AND HE'S STILL IN BED

THIS SORE THUMB NONSENSE HAS GONE TOO FAR

At that moment...

KNOCK!

99

KNOCK!

HELLO. CAN I HELP YOU AT ALL?

AYE YOUR LADYSHIP. 'APPEN YOU COULD

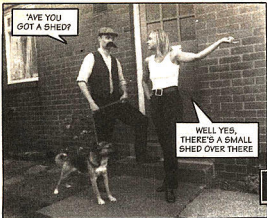
OI BE THE GAMEKEEPER, AND OI WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD SPARE ME A CUP OF COFFEE

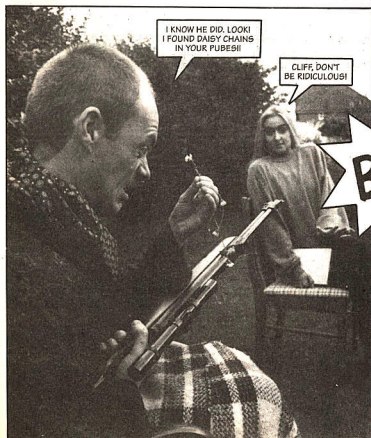
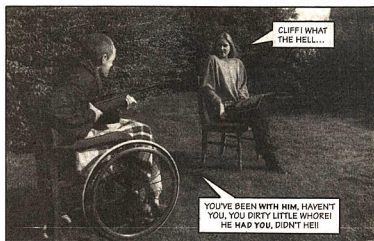
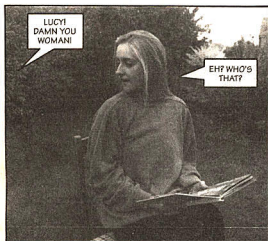
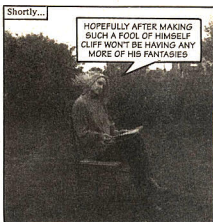
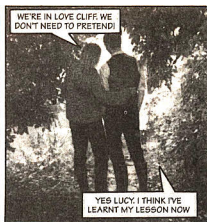
GAMEKEEPER? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WE DON'T HAVE A GAMEKEEPER

'APPEN YOUR HUSBAND ASKED ME TO CALL

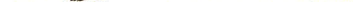
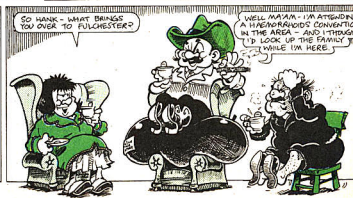
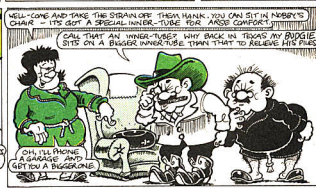
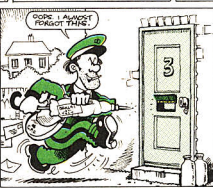
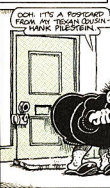
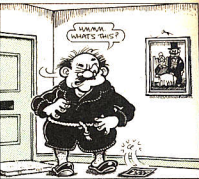
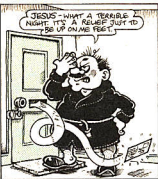
WHAT FOR? OUR GARDEN IS TINY

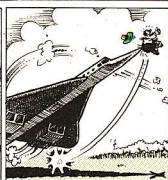
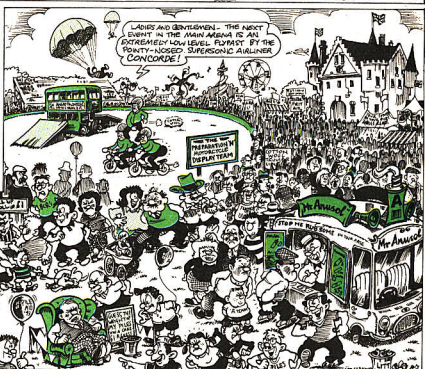
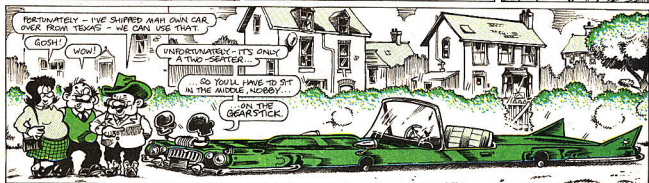
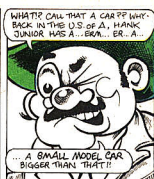
HE ASKED ME TO CHECK IT FOR RABBITS





Nobby's PILES





Quay Club is No.1 in the chart that's top for pop!

We've got a real mixed bag of bollocks jamming up this week's Top Ten Chart, including a night club, two bottles of beer and a broken hearted Andrew Tait. Records are rather thin on the ground.

No.1 is the ace of clubs – the **QUAY CLUB** – in Dean Street Newcastle upon Tyne. It's Newcastle's newest fully licensed night club, and well worth a visit. And for pop fans travelling from far afield, there's no need to worry about a hefty taxi fare home. Right next door is the Surtees Hotel, under the same management, and next door to that is a splendid restaurant. So next time you fancy a drink and a dance, hop on a train to Newcastle. Dean Street is only a 5 minute walk from the Central Station. And stay at The Surtees – Newcastle's nicest hotel.

There is tragedy at No.2 in the chart. Regular readers will recall how, in issue 55, we announced the marriage of Top Ten stalwart **ANDREW TAIT** to Maggie Peacock. Then, in issue 56, we announced that musician Andrew had teamed up with vocalist Alan Mason to record a song. Sadly we must now report that Andrew's wife Maggie has done a bunk with Mr Mason, and that they are now living together in the seaside village of Aldeburgh, Suffolk. Andrew is struggling to come to terms with his loss, but was never-the-less putting on a brave face on yesterday. "The one good thing to come out of it is that she's taken her record collection with her", he told us. "She can stick Elvis's 'Blue Hawaii' up her fancy as far as I'm concerned. If I hear that record one more time I'll scream".

On a more cheerful note **JOHN OTWAY** bursts into the chart at No.3. Possibly best known for his 'Really Free' single with Wild Willy Barrett in the seventies, the peculiar person of pop paid fifty quid for the privilege. So the least we can do is plug his forthcoming tour dates in the run up to his 2000th gig. If you were thinking of staying in and washing your hair on any of the following dates, think again.

October 2 BIRMINGHAM Brendon Bar, 3 PLYMOUTH Cooperage, 9 SWINDON Monkey Club, 10 BRISTOL Thee & Fikn, 14 GLOUCESTER Jocks, 15 OXFORD Jericho Tavern, 16 STONE Wheatheaf, 17 DERBY The Puchers, 19 NORWICH University of East Anglia, 21 TUNBRIDGE WELLS Forum, 22 SOUTHAMPTON Jarmars Arms, 23 LEIGH ON SEA The Hotel, 24 LEICESTER Muzey, 25 COAST, 27 READING Purple Turt, 28 BATH The Hub, 29 LEEDS The Puchers, 30 AYLESBURY Civic Centre, 31 BIRMINGHAM Concord, November 5 BIRMINGHAM The Bear, 7 NOTTINGHAM One, 12 GLOUCESTER GOW King's Tut, 12 GIG & COO'D LONDON Astoria. (Ticket details for Gig 2000 on page 32.)

SAG & GONZ return to Top Ten chart at No.4. Their tape is selling like hot cakes, and they



have a tray freshly baked and available for £5.00 from them at P.O. Box 47, St Leonards, Sussex, TN38 0AQ.



Sag, Gonz and gunslinging Eastwards yesterday (above) and John Otway (above that)

Another comedy double act from our previous chart are now a treble act: **PARSONS & NAYLOR** have teamed up with Spaghetti gun slinger Cliff Eastward. You can 'make their day' by buying a copy of their record. Although having said that they don't appear to have one. So I suppose the idea is that you go and see them if they're on anywhere near you. Or something.

No.6 and we're already down to the dross. 'H' is someone or something who sent us a letter, some holiday snaps and £10.52. Because they sent the money we feel honour bound to include them in the chart, but fuck knows what for. They admit they haven't got a record, although they did mention a 'master tape'. No doubt it will be in the shops in time for Christmas...

Sliding gracefully down the chart from his former No. 1 position is **ARCHIE BROWN** after an incredible 6 months at the top. Copies of his CD-album are still available from the Top Ten address priced £10 (cash).

(Beer pop that is)

To be quite honest we haven't got any more records in this chart, so we're chucking in an old Viz single that we still have lying about. Dating back to 1986 it features John Otway and was written by Andy Partridge. 'Bags of Fun with Buster' was an enormous hit at the time, selling a whole box full. Sales will be doubled if 25 people each send in £5.00 (including P+P) to the Top Ten address. First 25 get a copy. The rest get their money back. (Cash is always easiest isn't it.)

Despite their lowly chart positions, the entries at No.9 and 10 are definitely 'top of the pops'. Beer pop that is.

Because **FLYING HERBERT** and **DIZZY DICK** are beers from the North Yorkshire Brewing Company. And in an attempt to introduce our readers to their unusual ales they've rammed their way into the chart by sending a lorry load of free samples to the Top Ten Office. And the Middlesbrough based brewers are also giving away 500 T-shirts to Viz readers, plus some free beer.

To claim a free T-shirt all you have to do is visit as many pubs as you can, anywhere in Britain, until you find one that sells Dizzy Dick or Flying Herbert. When you find it, buy a pint, and show the landlord the voucher below. He will stick a special sticker on it. Then send the voucher to the address shown, and the first 500 entries will each receive a free T-shirt.

Please note this offer does not apply at either The Tap 'n' Barrel or Malt Shovel pubs in Middlesbrough. Instead, in those two pubs only, Viz readers who buy two pints of either Dizzy Dick or Flying Herbert will then be given a third pint FREE! After drinking that we suggest you go on to fruit juice or something. This offer ends 31st October 1993.

VIZ TOP TEN

1 QUAY CLUB, NEWCASTLE £170.00
Blatant night club plug

2 ANDREW TAIT £55.55
D.I.V.O.R.C.E.



3 JOHN OTWAY £50.00
Really Free 2000th gig album

4 SAG & GONZ £45.00
Ponces of Pop

5 PARSONS, NAYLOR & EASTWARD £32.15
Apparently motiveless self publicity

6 'H' £10.52
Acro rap two (Ronda, Ronda)

7 ARCHIE BROWN £6.00
Young Bucks in Fancy Shirts

8 BAGS OF FUN WITH BUSTER GONAD £5.00
by 'Johnny Jesticles & the Japes'

9 FLYING HERBERT £2.00
Beer

10 DIZZY DICK £1.00
More beer

As you may have noticed we are a bit short of records in the Viz Top Ten. Send your genuine record entries to Viz Top Ten, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT, enclosing a genuine

cash bribe and a photo if you have one. But please send no cheques, no foreign money, no non-existent records and no fish. If you do your letter (and the fish) will be thrown away.

FREE T-SHIRT



Buy ONE pint of **FLYING HERBERT** or **DIZZY DICK** strong beer in any pub in Britain (that sells it) and get a free T-shirt (subject to availability).

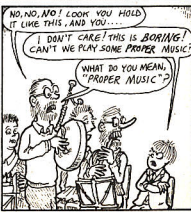
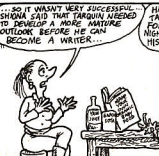
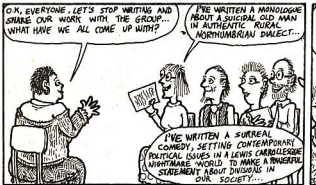
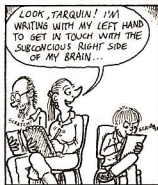
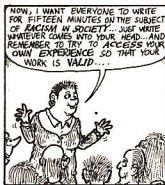
Ask the landlord to validate this voucher by sticking a special sticker on the reverse when you buy your beer. Then fill in the details and send it to: North Yorkshire Brewing Co., 84 North Ormesby Road, Middlesbrough, TS4. Offer limited to the first 500 applicants only. (Are you reading, Hoover?)

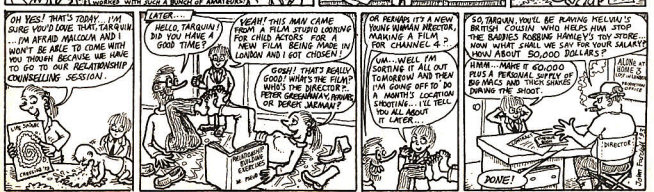
T-shirt offer does not apply to The Tap'n'Barrell or Malt Shovel pubs in Middlesbrough. Instead, present this voucher at either of those pubs to claim a third pint FREE when you buy two pints of the above mentioned strong beers. Free beer offer closes 31 October 1993 at 11.00pm sharp. That's time please ladies and gentlemen can we see these beers off now have you got no homes to go to etc. etc. etc.

Date of purchase _____ Dizzy Dick ☐ Flying Herbert ☐

Name & Address of pub _____

The MODERN PARENTS





ROCK A BYE E

To millions of fans Elvis Presley was, and still is, (and always will be) quite simply **The King. Of Rock 'n' Roll.** And when he died, on the lavatory, wearing a nappy, in 1977, the whole world mourned the death of a star we had all come to know. And love.

But just how well did we know him? Not as well as we may have thought, according to a new book published this week. A book which takes an unusually intimate look at the private man behind the public face of Elvis Presley.

'Elvis - His Life and his Bedtime Routine' is a no-holds-barred biography which focuses on the end-of-day behavioural patterns of the man from Memphis who to many became the voice of rock'n'roll. Here, in a brief extract from the book, author Jimmy Hill, better known for his football analysis and big chin, gives us an insight into the lifestyle of a star; his supper times, his choice of late night viewing, his preferred bedtime drink. This, for the first time, is the real Elvis.

Adapted from the book
'ELVIS - HIS LIFE AND HIS BEDTIME ROUTINE'
by Jimmy Hill
Published by Honey
Nut Loop Books
at £19.95

'On 16th July 1977 Elvis Alan Presley set his bedside alarm clock for 8.30am, then pushed up the little knob that primed the bell to go off in the morning. Then he kicked off his slippers - first the right, then the left, and lay back his head on the pillow. Seconds later Elvis Presley was asleep.

ROUTINE

It was a routine that he had been through a thousand times before. But this time it was different. This time was the last time. For the next



day, on 17th July 1977 Elvis Alan Presley was found dead, on the toilet.

GRACELANDS

Elvis' bedtime routine had been perfected over the many years during which he'd lived in his Graceland mansion. In fact, in those latter years of his life, it was often said that neighbours could set their clocks by the time Elvis switched off his bedside lamp - 11.25pm exactly. But it hadn't always been like that.

on the t the pop

As a youngster living in Tennessee, America, Elvis Alan Presley had often gone to bed early. His mother, Mrs Presley, had insisted that as a toddler the young Elvis should be in bed, teeth brushed and lights out, by 6.30pm. There, after a goodnight kiss from his mum, the young Elvis would lie awake and dream of becoming the King of rock'n'roll. By his side would be a little Teddy bear. A Teddy bear that would later be immortalised in the words of the song 'It's Now or Never'.

ADVENT

But all that was to change with the advent of World War Two, and Elvis' life and bedtime routine were turned upside down. Still in his teens, Elvis was drafted into the army and sent to fight in Germany. And army life came as quite a shock to the young boy from Tennessee, America. It wasn't only his haircut that changed. So did his sleeping habits too.



Presley still insisted that Elvis be in bed asleep by no later than 9.30. But Elvis, whose stage antics had earned him the nickname 'Pelvis', wanted to stay up late. Increasingly the rising star began to fall under the influence of Colonel Saunders, a mysterious figure who was later to manage his career.

GOODYEAR

The Colonel and Mrs Presley agreed a compromise whereby Elvis would have his supper and change into his pyjamas by 9.30. He was then allowed to watch TV until ten o'clock before going upstairs to the bathroom, brushing his teeth, washing his face and hands, and then going to bed.

GOODNESS

As during his army days, the King would occasionally read for a while before going to sleep. When he eventually became tired he would mark the page by folding back the top corner, then close the book and place it on his bedside table. Remarkably, throughout his entire life Elvis never used a bookmark.

A LIFE IN TOOTHBRUSHES

'Wise men say, only fools rush in'. And that was never more so the case than in the case of Elvis Alan Presley who never rushed in to a shop to buy a toothbrush. Incredible though it may seem, throughout his entire life the King of Rock'n'Roll never once bought a toothbrush for himself.

As a child his mother had always bought toothbrushes for him, possibly choosing red ones, as red was probably his favourite colour. In later life Elvis became less fussy about the colour of his

toothbrushes, some of which would be bought by his mother, and others by his mentor Colonel Saunders.

MIDDLE

Occasionally, if Elvis was staying at a hotel and he'd forgotten his toothbrush, he would ring reception and ask if they'd got any toothbrushes. If they had some he'd ask for one, and if they didn't he'd maybe send someone out to a shop to buy one.

SIDE

In later years Elvis experimented with those bendy toothbrushes that



Young Elvis yesterday

can reach into difficult corners of your mouth, and at one stage an electric toothbrush was delivered to his mansion in Graceland, California. However, it was never used. For when, on 18th April 1980 Elvis Alan Presley was found dead, his electric toothbrush was found, still in its box, unopened, on a shelf nearby.

PIRELLI

Lights out in the army was 8.30pm sharp, though the young Private Presley would often stay awake reading by torchlight until nine o'clock. Or even ten o'clock if it was a good book. Sleeping conditions were cramped. Yet incredibly enough in the five years he spent in the army Elvis never once slept on the top bunk.

DUNLOP

After the war Elvis returned to America and had his first taste of success, topping the charts on both sides of the Atlantic with hits such as 'Hound Dog' and 'We're Caught In A Trap'. But with success came problems. Mrs

TABS...they're never too young to start.



Doctors recommend wearing onto tabs at six months.
Published by the Beer, Tels and Sittles Information Council

VIS
p of
tree



Shortly before his death on the toilet Elvis was so fat (above) he could hardly fit into this photograph.



Elvis (with fold through head) wants to play guitar, but mummy (right) and Daddy Elvis (left) tell him 'it's time for bed'.

Eventually Elvis succumbed to the lure of Hollywood, and in 1969 he moved to Las Vegas. So began the Vegas years, an era when Mrs Presley's influence on her son began to wain. It is widely acknowledged that during these years Elvis began to drink beer, and take drugs, and this gradually began to take its toll on his bedtime routine.

SAKE

His bedtime got later and later. On several occasions he was still up and running about at eleven o'clock. He would watch films until yon time, sometimes drinking cocoa after he'd brushed his teeth.

HIPPY

He began to wear the same pyjamas for days on end without washing them, and then stopped wearing pyjamas at all. Instead he would sleep in the vest and underpants that he had been wearing all day. On one occasion it is rumoured that he even fell asleep in front of the television and awoke the next morning, never having been to bed at all.

For Elvis the end was in sight. Once a young man from Tennessee, America, Elvis Alan Presley had risen to the heady heights of the rock'n'roll tree. He had scaled the topmost pinnacle of rock, only to roll down the other side.

HIPPY

It is perhaps ironic that a man who spent so much of his life in bed, or about to get into it, and making preparations for getting into it, should not die in his bed. For Elvis once said to Colonel Saunders "Don't ever let me die in bed, Colonel Saunders".

SHAKE

And that dream came true. For on the 18th of April 1980 Elvis Alan Presley died. Not in a bed, but on the toilet. A sad but fitting end to a legend that will live forever. Even though he is dead, yet shall he live.

Elvis Alan Presley. Born 1955. Died 1980. Long live the king.

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BLOCKBUSTER BOB'S FEET IN A MUDDLE

Bob Holness has come a long way since the sixties when he used to present some kids, TV programme or other in black and white.

But fans of the millionaire Blockbusters host are probably unaware that plucky Bob battled his way to the top of the telly tree despite a serious disability. For 44 year old Bob was born with his feet on the wrong legs. And getting his TV career off the ground was made almost impossible by the fact that his feet were the wrong way round.

WINDMILL

"It was very embarrassing at times", recalls Bob, whose luxury home is a £2 million converted windmill in the Lake District. "At school I would trip over and get myself into a muddle, and when I left I found it difficult to find work".

ICE HOUSE

Bob failed literally hundreds of TV auditions because of his condition. "Producers didn't want to know when I turned up for auditions with my feet on the wrong legs. They'd take one look and say 'Forget it'. I was turned down by Tomorrow's World, The Black and White Minstrel Show, Dr Who, Animal Magic and Grandstand - all in one afternoon".

SNOW CHAIN

Having your feet on the wrong legs can be an expensive business too. "Of course I could never buy a pair of shoes to fit me", recalls Bob. "Even today I have to buy two pairs of shoes, then throw half of them away". But despite his age - Bob will be 67 this year - there are still no thoughts of retirement for Britain's favourite elderly kids' TV quiz show host.

SUN ROOF

However, at 67, telly veteran Bob may soon be hanging up his TV quiz boots. "I've been in this game for a long time, despite my unusual feet. And it may soon be time to call it a day, and make way for someone a little younger. And with their big toes on the inside".

EXCLUSIVE

But one thing is for sure. Bob won't be quitting his role as host of TV's Blockbusters. "You're as young as you feel, and I certainly don't feel like packing it all in yet. I never was one for gardening", said Bob yesterday.

FOG HORN

But Bob's retirement promises to be anything but relaxing. "I'm often busier at home than I am in the TV world", he admitted. And with two young kids, a hungry wife and a sizeable household to look after, Bob will have his hands full.



Give us 'B' please Bob for Blockbuster's Bob Holness wearing a tie yesterday.

"One thing's for sure", quipped Bob yesterday. "I won't be sitting back and putting my unusual feet up for some time yet".

At the last count TV millionaire Holness was estimated to be worth £132 million.

Physical peculiarities of the brainy quiz show hosts

TV starter for ten brain box Bamber Gascoigne, arch telly rival of Blockbusting Bob Holness, had his ears on backwards for many years before undergoing corrective surgery for the problem.

HAIL CAESAR

ITV bosses used clever angles and mirrors to disguise swot Bamber's funny ears during filming of TV's University Challenge.

GALE TILTLEY

Ask The Family Quiz host Robert Robinson has always refused corrective surgery on his peculiar eyes. Call My Bluff question master Robinson, one of the Beeb's brainiest quiz show hosts, was born with his eyes upside down.



Telly brainboxes Bamber 'G' (with hair) and Robert Robinson (without hair)

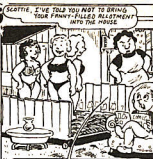


Lester Piggot's Would you believe it... about... **SUGAR**
Sugar cane was brought to America by Columbus. The first plants were eaten... by imported goats!
See you next time, fact fans!

SCOTTIE TROTTERS TOTTIE ALLOTMENT



YOUNG SCOTTIE TROTTER HAS A REMARKABLE PORTABLE ALLOTMENT ON WHEELS WHICH CONTAINS SEVERAL ATTRACTIVE YOUNG LADIES



IT BLOCKS UP THE FOOTWAY, AND THOSE SCANTILY-CLAD YOUNG LADIES KEEP TRAMPLING AROUND MY CARPET!



WE'LL YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO BUY YOURSELF A GREENHOUSE. YOU GET THAT ALLOTMENT OUT OF HERE!



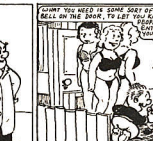
IF I DON'T EARN ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY A GREENHOUSE SOON, MY TOMATOES WILL BE YESTERDAY'S NEWS!



OH COME BACK HERE, YOU THUGGY BUGGERS! I RECOGNISED YOUR FACES!



EVERY TIME I TURN MY BACK WHEN I'M IN MY BAG, THOSE DAMNED OVER-STRESSED SHOWBIZ CELEBRITIES COME SNEAKING IN AND START STEALING ALL THE OVERPRICED MERCHANDISE. IT'S COSTING ME A FORTUNE!



A COUPLE OF SPROUTS FROM MY TOTTIE ALLOTMENT WILL SERVE ME PURPOSE REMOVALLY!



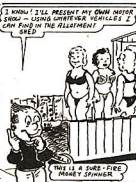
GOOD WORK, SCOTTIE. HERE'S A PAPER.



GOOR WORK, SCOTTIE. HERE'S A PAPER.



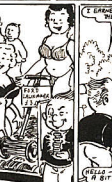
GRAND FULMESTER MOTOR SHOW CANCELLED



THIS IS A SURE-FIRE MONEY SPENDER



GRAND MOTOR SHOW CANCELLED



HE'LD - THE WEAR LOOKS A BIT MUFFED



I DON'T WANT HER CLUTTERING UP MY CEMETARY WITHOUT HAVING PAID FOR IT. I RUN A CHURCH, ME, NOT A BLEEDING CHARITY



GRAB!



IT'LL MAKE ME IDEAL FINAL RESTING PLACE FOR YOUR PUTREFYING PENSIONER



CHEERS, SCOTTIE. YOUR CRACKER-PACKED VEGETABLE PLOT IS JUST THE JOB. HERE'S A TENNER FOR YOUR TROUBLE



HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, TROTTER!



ON NO! IT'S BRISKER HODGES AND HIS HOMOSEXUAL HEAD GARDEN!



PLEASE ACCEPT THIS EXPENSIVE PORTABLE GREENHOUSE AS A REMIAND



MY PRIZE TOMATO PLANT IS DOOMED



WHUMP!



WELL DONE, YOUNG MAN! YOUR QUICK-THINKING ACTION WITH THAT TOMATO PLANT SAVED ME FROM A MUSSING.



I WANT A STROKE OF GOOD FORTUNE



HODGES FOR SCOTTIE TROTTER WITH HIS TOTTIE ALLOTMENT!

MICKEY'S MONKEY SPUNK MOPED

